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Part I

May 24

After packing in a rush all morning and early afternoon, John, Sandy, - Marly drove me over to the airport. I had to buy my ticket there since the Travel Service was not open Sundays. After such complication, and picture taking, the plane left at 3:45. I sat next to a fellow Mariettan a Lamda Chi, and as it turned out a Puerto Rican. I was really bushed and slept part of the way. The plane landed in Pittsburgh around 4:30, and I waited for the next flight to leave around 5:10. I slept again before we landed in Harrisburg and again before Newark. I sat next to a 20-year old fellow who had been in the Navy for a year and quite talkative. Upon landing in Newark (5-10 minutes early) I claimed my bags and then met Dad coming in. Mom picked us up on a circular drive. We did some talking about recent events. We saw Helen and Iva drive by on the turnpike in the opposite direction. I was tired and punchy and quite giddy. So I kept the family agitated during the evening. Later I called up Mrs. Zabrausky and still later Irv. Black. Then I unpacked stuff that I was to leave at the house. Then I hit the sack.

May 25

I got up at 7 and started to organize my stuff. While eating I felt uncomfortable and didn't finish. I said good-bye to Robbie and Chris and continued organizing my stuff. Finally at 8:30 we were ready so I said good-bye to Nanna and Poppa, and Dad. Mom drove me to Newark via the turnpike. We arrived 10 minutes early so I kissed Mom goody-bye and ran in with my three bags. I was too late to get them checked so took them aboard myself. I was tired and slept most of the way. At the

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Washington airport I grabbed a taxi and went to the Museum. I first went to the wrong wing but finally got orientated and found the Bird Division. I passed Dr. Phil Humphrey and said "hi". He recognized me and directed me to Mrs. Smellow's office. I was greeted, given packs of information. We all then went over to eat at the Museum of Arts and Technology (?) and I was gradually introduced to everyone on the way over. That afternoon we spent moving furniture in the Bird Division, because they were tiling the floor. Paul Woodward (a hulking graduate of Michigan) and I followed Bob Standen to his fraternity house to get a room. After dumping our stuff into his room, we went out to eat in a cafeteria which had real good food. We went back to the room and relaxed for that evening. Finally at 10 Paul and I moved into a room across from Bob's and hit the sack.

May 26

Up at 7, shower and shave. Breakfast at a small greasy spoon drink where I had good waffles. The walk to the Smithsonian is about 20 minutes. Our great white leader Fred Sibley arrived and greeted us newcomers. I spent most of the morning reviewing the birds of the North Central Pacific. We got along well, I think. For lunch I went down with Roger Clapp to the lunch vending machines, a frequent source for lunch. We ate lunch in the library with most of the expedition people and had a good bull session. The early afternoon was spent purchasing field clothes and equipment. Paul, Peter Marshall, and I were the purchasing agents. The late afternoon was spent cutting bright orange streamers for field observation of banded Sooty Terns. It was a ching slits in a couple thousand of them. Finally at tedious job notice

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5:15 we finished and headed for the frat house. I debated going to Annapolis and decided not to. After eating supper at a steakhouse cafeteria. Again it was a meal. We returned to the house got cleaned up, then went out to see a movie "From Russia with Love" a movie involving the "fabulous" James Bond. It was really funny (not intentionally) because of the stupid ridiculous situations he got into continuously. At 10 we went back to the house and read some of my literature then hit the sack.

May 27

Awoke at 7, showered and shaved. We went down to the same greasy spoon diner for breakfast as yesterday, except I had eggs today. There were three flags up everywhere: one U.S., one green, white, and orange, and one with two red stripes in between three white stripes and three red strips on top. As it turned out the former was the Irish flag and the latter was that of the District of Columbia. They had some of the

Irish flags turned around backwards and therefore were actually the flags of the Ivory Coast. We diddled around until ten o'clock when we moved some of the furniture, cases, shelves, etc. back since the floors had been tiled. We ate lunch in the same cafeteria we did the first day. After moving more stuff, Pete, Paul, and I went down to the

Health Unit to get shots. The doctor was such a fool that I just ridiculed him something awful, much to the other's glee. My colera serum hadn't been on ice for several days and was therefore no good, so I got one shot with new stuff. The others had three shots each. We then went shopping to complete our purchases. I carried some of them back while the other two went to another store. After modifying some forms for the project, Fred (Sibley) leader, of our trip, Roger Clapp, Pete and I went to Fred's House for dinner. We first played badminton, then ate, discussed school and teaching, then saw slides of the past Pacific trip. I helped Mrs. Sibley with the dishes, then Fred drove us home.

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May 28--Up at 7:15 , shower, and shave. Since service was so slow at our greasy spoon, we went to another cafeteria (where we ate dinner the first night) for a more swanky breakfast. We all left the museum (that is all they were to go expeditioning this summer) to go to Fort Detrick (50 miles away) to get an unapproved vaccination from the Army for toluremia. I slept most of the way. Three nurses were very efficient and we were all out of there in 10 minutes. We all ate lunch at a Howard Johnson. Just before Washington Bill Wirtz, a mammalogist, and I went to a bank; he to cancel a checking account under both his and his wife's name (because she left him) and I to cash a check for 100 dollars from AMNH. At 2 Bob returned the call I tried to reach him in the morning and I made arrangements to meet him at Annapolis this evening. I spent of the afternoon modifying those forms, and with the others, received plane tickets, expense money, supplies, etc. Finally at 5:15 I bade farewell to all the beautiful secretaries because tomorrow was to be a day off for them, and we leave tomorrow. I had some trouble getting where I wanted in the mob at the Greyhound terminal and finally arrived at the gate to meet Bob at 7:15. I ate dinner of lobster tail (he had already eaten). We talked and walked and talked some more. We walked to the bus station and I bade him (a great guy) farewell at 10:35.

May 29--Arose at 7:15 showered, shaved and packed. Finally left at 8 a.m. Only Paul and I were going in today. Both our breakfast place were crowded, so we carried our luggage most of the way to S.I. We ate breakfast at a nice restaurant called Halloway Cafeteria. Paul and I packed our stuff ready for the trip and waited for Fred and Peter to

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do the same. It was a day off for everyone, but Phil Humphrey was there so I talked to him about grad school, and he heartily recommended University of Michigan head and shoulders over everywhere else. We were to catch the limousine to the airport (Friendship airport serving Baltimore) at 10:50, and Pete and Fred still had showed by 10:15. Finally it 10:25 they came and we hurriedly threw there things to gether. The elevatoroperator would carry our stuff ("she wouldn't carry freight), had to go down to the ground floor to check with a guard. Finally we got outside, I hailed a cab, the others returned the carts we had carried our stuff on. The drivver didn't know where Friendship airport was, so I had to go asking people how to get there. We loaded our stuff in and headed out to the airport directly because it was too late to catch the limousine. On the way out the cab ran out of oil. So we unloaded our stuff beside the highway. Fred ran over to a shopping center and got a new cab. We raced out to the airport, but arrived at 12:05. Our plane had left. The United People got new tickets the Honolulu via TWA and Pan Am. We ate a quick lunch of hot dogs boarded our jet andtook off. The jet is really cool: it cruised at 35,000 feet. We paid a dollar to see an in-flight movie, "The Pink Panther," starring David Niven, Peter Sellers, and others. It was really stupid. We flew over the Grand Canyon which was neat. We landed in Los Angeles at 5 EDT, or 8 PDT. After strolling around the airport for birds, we left on Pan Am two hours later and flew for five hours. I slept most of the way. Coming over Honolulu at night was a beautiful sight. We landed and were greeted by the commercial greeters, but we shunned them. Doug Hackman and Dr. Ely met us at the airport

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and took us to our hotel, the Hawaiian King. We met the infamous Larry Huber, the handsome Doug Whitman, and Bob Sundell. We talked until midnight (6 a.m. EDT) while listening the Mozart's Requiem and reading Mad. Doug Whitman has a great interest in music as I do, and is a big bird bander from Syracuse.. We then hit the sack.

May 30--What a day!

After a restless night's sleep, we (Paul and I) were rudely awakened at 7:30 a.m. by Fred and Pete. We dressed and ate breakfast at a nearby restaurant. Then we wandered around the block checking off such new species as Indian Mynah, Brazilian Cardinal, Chinese Spotted Dove, Barred Dove, English Sparrow, and House Finch. We relaxed in our room for a short while when Peter Marshall came over and inquired whether we wanted to wander around town to see the sights. So off we went to the famous Honolulu Zoo and Aquarium. It was very interesting some of the birds they had. The aquarium was arranged from a scientific standpoint and was very well done. On the way back I spotted a Japanese White-eye in a palm and checked another bird off my list. Oh, going to the Zoo we saw immature Great Frigatebird. We bought a Papaya with lines. Fred suggested we all go birding. So I donned my khaki uniform. We drove way out past Pearl Harbor up to the mountains, driving through sugar cane and pineapple fields. Once on top of the mountain, we walked along the dirt road on which we had been driving, looking for the endemic species. After looking at an Elepaio, Ricebird Japanese White-eye, and Pekin Robin or Red-billed Leiothrix, we

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finally found the Apapane, or Red Hawaiian Honeycreeper which are a rare and fascinating group of birds on Hawaii. While the others ran on ahead, I decided to sit and learn the birds we had just seen. So I spent half an hour learning the ~~x~~ calls and identification of Apapane, Leiothrix, White-eye, Elepaio, and Ricebird. The others returned having seen nothing. We returned to the car and drove back to Pearl Harbor to dry and find strawberry finches, Mandrins, Stilts, and anything else. The others saw a Manakin fly by but I didn't see it. We returned having not seen any of the above. I was exhausted, as was Pete and the others. We had a quick supper of sandwich remains. Then Pete, Paul and I joined Larry Huber to band shearwaters and petrels on an offshore island. We paddled a rubber raft out 1/2 mile to an island. We then spent 3 to four hours catching shearwaters, which were sitting on the coral. They bite viciously and scratch awfully. Besides we were being cut up something awfully on the sharp coral. Pete and Larry both had done this before and knew the technique, whereas Paul and I were really cut up. After we had banded 100 shearwater, we searched for Bulwer's Petrels which were down in impossibly small holes in the coral. The shearwater give a ghostly moan, whereas the petrels, give a rhythmic cooing. Finally, we quit at 11:30 rowed back and drove home. I was so tired and aching. I could barely stand up. Am I out of shape.

May 31--I barely made it to bed this morning. I was so sore. My back and neck ached and my wrists were scratched something awful and my legs were bruised, cut, and tender. I slept like a log until around 9 when I was awakened by the phone. I went back to sleep and was again awakened when Pete came in. I got up and felt woozy, weak and ached considerably.

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Paul and Pete had sandwiches, but then Paul and I went down to the Bently Restaurant (where we ate breakfast yesterday) for a big breakfast. I went to sleep the rest of the morning instead of working forms. We had a lunch of beans and sardins at 1:30 when I got up. My head still ached. We discussed evolution while eating. For most of the afternoon I filled out banding forms. I went out for a walk at five to exercise to my sore neck and legs. I bought a few things then relaxed until 7. At that time five of us went over to St. Andrews Episcopal Church for an organ recital by Swanson, organist at Riverside. It was good with a great deal of modern material. We then had dinner. I had Mahi mahi, a good fish of this area. On the way back we listened to Mozart. Fred briefed the members of our expedition on rules and regulations of our trip. The thing is highly involved in security and tight lip is the word. I finally hit the sack at 12:45.

June 1--Fred roused me at 7 a.m. and told me to pack my stuff. I was moving pretty slow but got most of it packed. After checking out, Fred, Pete, and I drove out to Pearl Harbor. We got our gate passes then went to our ship. We spent the rest of the morning (until 11 a.m.) packing stuff in our ammo boxes: personal gear, banding equipment, cooking equipment, etc. We also sanded some shelves so that the drawers would fit. It was hard hot work on an empty stomach. I was soon dehydrated. Finally we quit at 11 and drove over to a shopping center to eat. We all had a huge lunch of a combination Chinese food platter, lots to drink until we were bloated. We then did last minute shopping of clothes and letters, etc. Then drove back to the motel to pick up my stuff. We then drove out to the airport to pick up mail and mail letters, then out to the ship. We helped load some of the big

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equipment, and stowed our gear. Larry Huber and I are in the crew's quarters, Pete and Doug Hackman are in the Chief's quarters, and Fred and Bob Long, the botanist are in the officers quarters. We waited around for the ship to leave at 1800 hours. Wives and girl friends were visiting on board before the men folk left for this 60 day cruise. Finally we left, saying good bye to Dr. Ely, Hawaiian coordinator. Getting the boat out of its mooring was quite a project, involving at least one tug. We were on our way, finally. WE looked for birds on our way out of the harbor and out into the sea. We saw Black-necked Stilts, Noddy Terns, Sooty Terns, and Wedge-tailed Shearwaters. It was a beautiful evening and a very calm sea with a minimum of rolling. The captain came up to talk to us a bit about the boat and the trip. Bob became woozy and went below but the rest of us were in fine shape. After everyone else left I had a long talk about the trip and my past birding and banding experiences with Doug Hackman. He is a real neat fellow, for whom I haven't found good adjectives. Finally I hit the sack and had a relatively restless night's sleep.

June 2--I have to conserve paper since I don't have that much left. Reveille woke us up at 7 o'clock. I dressed and joined the others in the wardroom for breakfast. The wardroom is a small room with a cloth tableclothed table in the center with six chairs around. Only officers eat here and it feels real exclusive. We broke our fast with the captain this morning, for example. After that we went up to the flying bridge, which is the highest deck above the ship for at sea observation. Again it's an extremely calm day and the magnitude of lurching is maximal. Sooty Terns and Wedge-tail Shearwaters were flying by. Finally a

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couple of Bulwer's Petrels flew by. Later on in the morning a couple of frigatebirds and a white-tailed tropicbird flew by. And late in the morning a Fairy Tern flew by. We had a big lunch (really a dinner of chicken and vegetables) and continued the watch for sea birds.

Occasionally we would go to the lab to help organize stuff, or to pack our own personal box. Late in the morning we also had two Newell's (Manx) Shearwaters go by. Late in the afternoon around 1700, we had two odd shearwater-petrel type things go by which were first tentatively identified as New Zealand Shearwaters, but later suspected to be Cook's Petrels. They were small (around Bulwer's size) fast flyers, with white on the head and upper wing. We ate dinner with some unknown officer. More watch after supper. Bob Long spent the whole afternoon and evening frightfully seasick on the flying bridge. We (Pete and I) had a talk with the "doc" of the ship about travel and guns, etc. Then I showered, wrote this, and hit the sack at 2100.

June 3--I slept through Reveille, somehow I just didn't hear it. So I awoke at 10 to 8 ran up to the wardroom and found I couldn't get anything to eat. So I went up to the flying bridge to stand watch. We saw some odd black and white shearwaters go by which we (Doug and I) concluded were Newell's Shearwaters, a local race of the Manx. Before I had gotten up there Fred and Doug had seen white then called White-necked Petrels. Some more of these flew by and after searching the books we concluded that they were Kermadec Petrels. We were having an awful time identifying these pelagics which none of us knew. Finally we got the shot guns out to collect these. Larry got all

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upset because we only got one shotgun out and didn't have sawdust and cotton. He is so dense it is very difficult to convince of anything that he has made up his mind over. Well, finally lunch (really another dinner) came which made my stomach happy. In the afternoon a Russian traveler heavily laden with radio, sonar, and radar equipment went by. Just before it went by Fred collected a medium sized Petrel, grey back, white forehead, and black-bordered white underwing. We had been seeing several of these ^{and} had no idea what they were. It turned out that they are a New Zealand race of the Bonin Island Petrel. Some of the others saw a couple of Harcourt's Storm Petrels, but I missed them. Later in the afternoon a jaeger flew over which Fred collected. This is apparently a first record for a Parasitic in the North Central Pacific. Around five fifteen we closed down watch and ate dinner. I got another dose of sun today which makes my face, ears, neck, and arms bright red and sore. After dinner we bulled until dark. Bob Long came up briefly but didn't stay long. After looking at stars, I watched Perry Mason then hit the sack at 9:15.

June 4-- Reveille woke me up at 7. It was drizzling outside but the rolling of the ship wasn't too bad. I ate breakfast with our gang then went to get laundry done. Then I wrote this for a while

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John was there strumming away on his guitar. I wasted the entire evening setting around, bulling, and writing this. Finally around 2200 I started writing many overdue letters. I finally got Larry to have his radio on the one good station and enjoyed Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1. I had given up writing letters and wrote my journal. I then titled all my pages properly and was real giddy and tired when I finished around midnight. They had a Mozart Program on for the past two hours and it was a struggle to let Larry keep it on. At midnight Pete and John returned from carousing so I accompanied them as Pete drove him home in the rented car. I don't think he should have been allowed to drive it since he is underaged and I think there should be stricter regulations who uses the rental cars. He dropped me off by a restaurant on Waikiki. I had a late supper and returned and hit the sack around 1:30.

August 2-- I slept late (we all did) but finally got up at 9:30. I went to the Coffee Shop to get a light breakfast. Paul Woodward accompanied me and we discussed what we had been seeing and I deliberately chose a very conservative position, because I really was confused about what we had been seeing. He was real sure and proceeded to lecture me on the field identification of oceanic birds. A rather precocious attitude I should say. I returned with him to his room and continued to discuss with Ken and him. Around noon I went down to Waikiki and had an enjoyable Turkey Dinner. I wrote letters in the early afternoon but was too tired to really concentrate so I hit the sack. Warren woke me up around 1600 and Doug, Warrne, Larry, Paul DuMont, Dale and I just went out to see the Townsend Cromwell, Warren's At-Sea ship, but it was

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locked up so we drove over to Dr. Ely's. We looked at the skin from the At-Sea cruise and they were really poor, even I could do better than most of them. We then went up to Coconut Crater to see if we could find the small colony of breeding Fairy Terns. We went down a steep cinder grade out to the cliff over the ocean. There we saw a few Wedgetails, Noddies, Frigates, and Brown Boobies, then a pair of "Transvestite" Terns came in and floated overhead. Warren mentioned to me that two of the crew on the Townsend Cromwell were on the Anton Bun when Frank was. In the stand of trees where the Fairy Terns had nested, Warren and I chased an odd scolding and finally concluded it was probably a young Mynah. We returned to the hold after dark and decided to go to the movies. Turning on the radio I discovered Mahler's Fourth and I was ecstatic. Apparently everyone was waiting for me while I was enjoying my Mahler. In a friendly wrestle with Larry over the radio we were pushed into the pool by the others, much to the mirth of many of the guests. After changing Larry and I joined Warren and Dick at the Colonial House Cafeteria for dinner then stood in line at the movie house for 40 minutes. The

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movie, A Shot in the Dark, with Peter Sellers was a riot. When we got back at the hotel we met Ken and Paul W. going to do wash so Dick and I joined them. We returned around one and we hit the sack.

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Dr. Ely came knocking on the door at 0645 so I woke Pete up. He got ready and soon he and Doug left. I called the car rental for Doug then went back to sleep. I got up at 0930 and cooked some eggs and bacon Pete had left. I then straightened things up as Larry packed his backpack. Warren came in right after Doug came back and took Larry out to Dr. Ely's. He had wanted to go so sat and talked about the potential of this project birdwise. I showed him my Carpodacus paper. I think very highly of Warren as one of the most wonderfully worthwhile birders on this project. He is a philosophy graduate from Williams College. Cameron Keppler, a grad student under Dilges came by and joined us. He is a magnificently mature, interesting person and I was attracted to him immediately. He knew Doug Futuyma. At noon we (Paul DuMont, Cameron and I) went to the Colonial House for lunch. I described the initiation of a polliwog to a shellback to their anguish. I spent the entire afternoon writing a letter and journal. Dr. Ely came over around 1800 after Fred and wife had been here for awhile. Warren came over with the 4 Dark-rumped Petrels and 1 White-necked that they collected. Much to other hotel guests' curiosity, we examined the birds. Both species were amazingly close morphologically, and Palmer's lumping the two seems reasonable. We discussed the situation of possible allopatry and lack of information regarding isolating mechanisms. I changed into some good clothes but wasn't invited to join the Ely's, Sibley's,

and Hackman for dinner. I had been admiring this young girl by the poolside all afternoon and was quite infatuated over her. She (her name is Ann, as I overheard) probably is no more than 14, but has a real cute face and figure and appeared to be lonesome. After getting up my courage I went over and asked her if she would join me for dinner. She apologized that she already had eaten and didn't think she ought to join me. I couldn't persuade her and was disappointed. I imagine I must look pretty fearsome. So I wandered alone into the Market Place, watched the entertainment center for a while, then walked along Waikiki looking for a place to eat. I chose the Royal Lanai and decided to have a steak and some red wine, just for experimental sake. I was sitting in a small booth and opposite sat two beautiful girls, one blonde, the other black, with outlandish coiffures. They noticed me, asked me why I was alone, and asked me to join them. I nearly fell out of my chair but kept an air of confidence and proceeded to move my meal over to their small table, but the manager told me three couldn't eat at the table for two. So I promised I would join them as soon as I finished my meal. I was shaking as I ate my steak and sipped my wine. Once or twice during the meal, they again commented on my loneliness. By this time I had finished, they had to leave, so another opportunity to associate with women was lost. I sipped the last of my wine and revelled in my popularity. I walked back to the hotel feeling the effects of the wine. I cheerfully told Larry and Doug of my aborted opportunities and of course was made sport of. I packed most of my stuff for Maui, showered, started a letter to Mom and Dad and finally hit the sack after midnight, having enjoyed some more Mozart.

4 August

Fred came in real early 4:30 or 5 and got Doug to drive him and his wife to the airport. They were going to spend a couple of days vacationing in Hawaii.

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He came back at 0600 and woke Larry and I up. We made last packing arrangements, paid our room bill and with Paul DuMont and Cameron we all drove out to the airport. We got our tickets and waited half an hour for the plane. We left on a Hawaiian Airline plane at 7:55. The stewardess described the sights for tourists as we flew over Oahu. We landed on Maui 35 minutes later, got our bug gage and rented a Chevy II from National Car Rentals and drove into town. We bought some food to last us four days and drove up to Haleakala Crater. As we gained altitude the scenery became increasingly beautiful. Confers of various sorts became evident as well as roly grasslands on the slopes. A short-eared owl sailed over head and later we saw another. Up around 4000 Lat. we saw a group of Skylarks. The road was one car wide although they had a cents strip. We drove up into Haleakala National Park and stopped at the Ranger Station. We had already called the Superintendent and informed him of our plans so here we made final agreements. We obtained a permit to collect one Dark-rump. Just before the ranger station we had stopped at a picnic area to eat and get our stuff ready. There were several buses around and I regretted not having brought binoculars. After visiting the superintendent we drove up to the top of the crater to the lookout. It was a sea of clouds but that is typical. We drove back to the Halemauu Tract, changed into field clothes and started out on the trail. After a short while (1/4 to 1/2 mile) we struck off to the right and climbed right to the top of the crater. Amazingly we were at just the spot Larry wanted at the old Hawaiian Trail, which switch backs down into the crater - Larry described the burrows we

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were looking for. He worked left, I worked right. Ridges are best, rather than the rubble slopes - Burrows are found at the very base of abrupt outcroppings in cavities there. They vary in depth and distance they extend back: some were so far back one can't see the end. I found several and tried to memorize where they were in this conifer mass of rock. The slope is incredibly steep and one has to be very careful not to slip or it may be very difficult to stop rolling down the rough volcanic rock. I felt very sleepy and often dizzy, undoubtedly due to the altitude and lack of sleep the night before, so I sat down and dozed twice for a few minutes. Once I was rudely awakened by a clattering of noise to my right and a human like honking. I realized it was goat. Numerous coveys of Chuhan keep exploding and calling about the rocks. Their claim call is a "which you" repeated over and over as they sail across the crater. I found around a dozen burrows one of which appeared to be real, recently used, droppings at its entrance and a distinct petrel smell. I met Larry and we discussed our findings and coverage. We must have started at nearly noon and it was now 1600. We had found no back in the burrows, but Larry had found two dead birds in pretty sad condition. We decided to work further off to the right and found seven burrows at the base. We worked our way over to the ridge that separated our canyon from the rest. The clouds come rolling in and out, but up to this time it had been nearly continually misty. Visibility is chopped way down. By the time we got to the ridge the clouds had cleared so the view of the entire crater was spectacular. It was so huge the cliffs and all that it was overpowering, hard to conceive. My sense of balance was really not good and I just didn't have much confidence moving across the cliffs, as Larry did. He was very much a mountain goat. We

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worked our way back but got separated. I got back to our outcroppy first and saw Larry way back. Apparently he was still searching the higher cliffs. The sun was setting and it became increasingly cold. My the layers were just not enough and I was shivering. Besides I had only brought a can of pineapple and I was in no mood to eat that. Larry returned and we waited as dusk settled in. When it became dark we heard our first Dark-rump over in the canyon we had gotten to the edge of (Canyon No. 2). We heard another bit, there weren't many. One came into our canyon to the left where Larry had worked and another came into the right, near my one good burrow. We put on our head lamps, Larry went to his burrow and I went to mine. Everything looked quite different at night and I couldn't find mine. When I was in the right area (I thought) the clouds came in and the mist blocked out my land marks. Larry came over having found his burrow empty and he waited for me to find mine. Finally I gave up, because I was so turned around I wasn't sure I was on the right ridge anymore. We were both pretty discouraged because: (1) Although we had found about 30 burrows this afternoon we hadn't found any birds in them, (2) We were having an impossible time trying to locate the burrows we had found, and (3) We hadn't heard more than 6 birds in the entire crater. We decided to go over to Canyon No. 2 where we had heard the most birds. It was still misting and we were slowly getting soaked, contrary to Larry's previous statements liking this to a desert. We finally got to the separating ridge (which I didn't recognize but Larry did) and started working the other side. I wasn't at all enthusiastic because I just didn't like the idea of working these treacherous slopes and cliffs at night in a mist. I wasn't working very hard and I knew

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Larry was discouraged. We worked down the slope into the next canyon and were confronted with a high abrupt cliff. Larry wanted to work around the base of it around the other side so I agreed to meet him on top after working this side. It was an ideal cliff and I found several recent good looking burrows. My enthusiasm increased as I found a fairly good carcass of a dark rump outside one burrow. I worked eagerly up the base of the ridge to the top. Instead of working the bridge "separating" ridge I decided to contact and wait for Larry. I called and found that he was way below, probably just working around the point. He called back that it was the wrong canyon and something else I didn't catch. I waited for him to come up but after about 15 minutes I still saw no sign: no noise or light. I called and got no answer. After continually calling for another 1/2 hour I still got no response. I was sure he had to be in one of the two sides of this ridge on top of which I was and he must be able to hear me. I was quite worried that I still got no response so after much deciding, decided to go back to camp, just in case he had headed back. I was frantically moving quickly along the slope, and was startled twice by exploding chukars. Oh while I was on top a couple of Dark-rumps kept flying by and calling, so I suspected we were in a good spot. I called again and got an answer below - Larry and yelled before that he was going back to camp and that is what I hadn't heard. I was relieved and laughed somewhat at my unnecessary worry. But it would be so easy to get lost or hurt on these slopes. We met and got back to our out-cropping. Since we were coming back tomorrow Larry decided to leave his pack here, but I thought it best to take mine. He was tired - discouraged that our

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first night had been a failure and hopes for future nights weren't much better. We hiked quickly up the old Hawaiian Trail (me puffy) then out on the new trail. We were tired and soaked. We drove down to the picnic area just below the ranger station, changed, got a fire going and cooked some canned dinner. (I had mixed vegetables and beef stew) the first substantial meal of the day. We finally hit the sack in the car around 0100 with a beautiful sky above.

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Sleeping in the car wasn't the most comfortable in the world and we both kept waking up in the morning. It was raining outside which kept us both in until 0930. We decided we had to get going so we put all our stuff in the car and drove up to the overlook at 9000 feet and found it still raining. We ate some stuff then we drove down to the Halemau Trail. It was still raining so we decided to write our journals and hope it would clear. Neither of us wanted to work the treacherous slopes when the rocks were slick. A cowboy and two horsemen came out and reported it was wet. Larry decided to go in and get his pack and we would go looking for Newell's Shearwater on the other side of the island and return here in one or two days. We stopped by the Ranger Station to advise them of our plans and drove down to Highway 377. We were out of the rain this low. We then drove east, stopped for gasoline and ice cream, then continued on Route 37. We turned onto 31 which became a dirt road through very dry desert like country. We passed the house where Warren King's parents had been married. Cactus and Century plants are frequent out in this dry rocky (lava) desert with sparse vegetation. We stopped at one place where we saw White-tailed

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Tropicbirds. They apparently were nesting in crevices on the sheer lava drop down to the pounding surf. Larry "took" pictures of the Tropicbirds and also of four Hawaiian Noddies sitting on ledges. These Hawaiian Noddies looked much different than those we had worked with on the Southern Islands: the white cap extended further back the neck was light grey contrasting with dark brown back, the tail was a conspicuous light grey, and the legs on at least two were a bright yellow. The birds on the southern island were a uniform sooty with a gleaming white cap, and I don't remember bright legs, and they certainly didn't have a conspicuous light grey tail. I wonder if a racial difference has been described. We continued on until the road went across a couple of deep chasms or draws which extended as canyons up on the side of the crater. We decided that one of us should stay below and listen for Newell's Shearwaters as they go up the canyons and to nesting burrows on the slopes of the crater, while the other go up the slope to listen for them, even perhaps a colony. Larry wanted to hike, so did I, but I decided to let him go up the slope. After he left, I drove the car several miles further up the road just to pass the time and returned and parked the car facing the ocean in one of the draws. It was a nice afternoon so I sat out by the ocean writing my journal and synopsis. Two cattle trucks drove by and one stopped but I signalled that all was OK. I wasn't sure whether I was on private property or not, I returned to the car as I was really bored for there wasn't anything I could really do. At length duck settled across this waste land so I began watching and listening. I saw two medium sized black and white shearwaters come in just off the surf

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but they moved to the left (east). The roar of the surf made listening difficult, but I was sure I would hear anything which flew up the draw. When it became real dark I turned on the car's headlights in hopes of attracting anything that comes in. Nothing happened for a long while so I turned on the radio to find out what time it was. It was 2110 and I had agreed to meet Larry 1-1/2 hours after dark which I figured would be 2100. So I drove down the road and picked up Larry, as he was walking towards me. We parked, ate our meal of the day and hit the sack. I listened to Saint Saen's Symphony No. 3 which was really great to hear and an aria from Samson and Delilah.

6 August 1964: The sun had been up for a while when we finally decided to get up. Larry had slept in the back seat and I outside in the sleeping bag. After eating quickly we decided to go back to the Crater since we struck out on Newells. Larry had discovered last night that he hadn't had film in his camera when he took all those pictures of the Noddies and Tropicbirds, so we stopped by the same spot but found no birds. We stopped for more gas and continued on discovering it was only 9:30. We heard some real corny advertisements on the radio which humored us. It was a brilliantly clear day and our hopes and enthusiasm were high. We stopped off at the picnic area below the Ranger Station to fill up on water and eat. We drove up to Halemau Trail and packed our backpacks. Since we wanted to work Canyon No. 2 we decided we would probably get really close to it if we just flipped over the rim above the parking area. This we did and we came out right above Canyon No. 2. We worked the top cliffs then went over to the large ridge.

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As it turned out we were on the ridge Larry had tried to go around the other night and we were just 50 feet about where I had been standing. We decided to leave our packs here and work this one ridge to the floor of the crater. Larry, Warren, and Dave Bratley had worked this ridge two months earlier and had determined that this was the center of the Dark-rumped population. I went down the right side of No. 2 (see map opposite) to get a skeleton I had left there the other night. I should mention that the map opposite is a view from the center of the crater looking at the side we worked. After I got back to camp, I worked down the base of the left side and Larry the right of No. 2. He then worked No. 3 as I worked through No. 7. A well used goat trail circled the outcropping of No. 7 and there were no burrows at all. As I worked the rocks on the grassy slope of No. 4 Larry discovered a chick in a burrow at No. 5. Success! I joined him and we revelled in our discovery. Larry banded it and now holds the first record of a banded Hawaiian Dark Rumped Petrel chick. (A dubious honor). I worked down the left side of No. 6 while Larry continued to work the upper ledges. He got high strung and had to back track to meet me down at the base. We then went down to the floor of the crater and looked for a burrow Larry had found two months ago but we couldn't find it. We decided to go over to Holua Cabin since it was so near, so we got on a trail which took us over the small ridge. We drank from the horse trough and decided not to go into the cabin since people were there. I wonder what the people thought when they saw these two tramps come out of nowhere, drink from the horse trough, and then quickly disappear. We went over the ridge without following the trail and started our ascent. It was real steep and I chose a slow steady pace which put me

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ahead of Larry's shot burst of speed and frequent rests. We relaxed at our camp after the hour plus climb and I ate a relatively hearty meal of corn and beef stew. We warmed ourselves in the last of the sunlight on our ridge and quickly put on all that we had as the shade was cold. I brought an extra shirt which gave me four layers which was a vast improvement over the other night. We soon decided to go down to the chick burrow and wait for the adult to return. Working down the slope warmed us up but sitting on top of the ridge by the burrow was cold. The last of the sunlight finally faded from the last high peak and it got colder. We threw stones at a flat rock just to be active and warm up. Finally dusk settled and the first of the Dark-rumps came in. I caught one glimpse of it, but I was amazed I couldn't see it in the twilight. Soon a few more came in and all seemed to be concentrating their activity around a ridge to the right of No. 5. Several times their calling remained in one spot for a long enough time, that I thought they were sitting on the ledge. Either that or a male in a burrow was answering. One or two birds flew around the rock ledges below No. 5 but none came up the left canyon or anywhere near the chick's burrow. We were both cold and were trying to decide what to do. It must have been nearly 1-1/2 hours after dark and the total number of birds in this area was 4 or 5 and the adult of the chick still hadn't come in. Off in the distance we could hear several more and I estimated the total number of birds for the craters may have been 15; that is the birds we were hearing may have been as high as 15 but, the total birds for the crater we agreed might be safely 25. We decided to check some of the good burrows Larry had found on the ledges below No. 5. We had difficulty finding some and found no birds. We

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returned to the chick and took 3 photographs of it. He then decided to work up towards camp checking his burrows as he went. I decided to work my rocks (No. 4) then up the left side of No. 2 and agreed to meet him in about an hour. Just as I started to go across the grassy slope into the rocks I slipped on a loose boulder and bounced twice. I banged my left shin but thought I only bruised it. My nerves were shattered for a while so I continued checking burrows. My leg hurt some and I was still shaken a bit so I decided to work back to camp, since I had lost my enthusiasm. I was checking burrows on the way up when I noticed blood splattered on my pant leg and sneaker. I rolled up my pant leg and found a deep gash 2 inches long with blood pouring out and being soaked up by my sock. I worked up to camp not checking the burrows very carefully. I reached camp and tried to keep moving to make sure my leg didn't stiffen up before we got out of the crater. After about 20 minutes waiting for Larry I heard him calling me from below. I was reluctant to go down but decided that if he were either hurt or had an adult bird I wanted to be there. So I descended gingerly and finally reached him at the base of No. 2. He had a beautiful adult Dark rump which he had saved for me to band. It was a uniform sooty black above from crown to tail sharply defined from the white below. The black neck was broad and strikingly different from Warren's skins in Honolulu. Furthermore the dark stripe between the waist and shoulder was broad and distinct as opposed to the white lining of Warren's birds. We worked it over for molt and found none. The plumage was good and only slightly worn. I banded it and released it and we headed back up to camp. We gathered our stuff and went up the rocky ridge and up and over the rim. My leg was

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beginning to stiffen and hurt when walking as we wend down the side (which was a relatively gradual slope). We finally got to the car, and Larry drove me down to the main town. We found the Maui Memorial Hospital (it was now midnight) and went to the emergency room. A nurse washed my filthy leg and a doctor in casual clothes came in. He gave the wound a few shots of Novacaine, cleaned it out and proceeded to suture it; three catgut sutures inside, three silk outside. Then a shot of Tetanus Toxoid. We left and found a small greasy spoon Japanese-American restaurant. The waitress discouraged us from having Japanese food so I settled for meat loaf. I must have looked quite a sight: sad cap, beard, filthy shirt, one legged pants, and a limp; also mismatched shoes. We then went down to the airport, found it closed, parked the car, packed most of our gear then hit the sack in the car around 0200.

7 August 1964: We woke up around 0700 and completed packing. I wasn't feeling that well and spent time in the john. Larry checking departure times found all the planes filled up until noon except for one seat on the 0830 flight. We put our names on standby and sat down and waited. Our car got a flat so Larry and the Car Rental man changed it in good time. A place opened up and we were paged for it, so I paid for the car while Larry carried our luggage in. I was hobbling about since my leg was really sore. We boarded the plane with the mob and landed in Honolulu at 0930. Larry called Dr. Ely to pick us up. We waited for about half an hour before they (wife and son) came. After running two errands, and leaving Dr. Ely at one, Janice drove us to the Hotel. We were informed that five of us would be in

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one room. I hobbled down to Bentley's for a meal then showered even though the doctor told me not to get the wound wet. I reeked with filth and needed a shower. I then sacked out and only vaguely heard Larry calling packing houses for excelsior. He woke me around 1500 and we went out to rent a car me hobbling along behind Larry. He found one had to be 25 years old to rent a car. On the way back, I stopped off at a Medical Building to have my wound checked. He was upset that it was wet but assured me it wasn't infected yet. He put on a new bandage, told me to come back Monday and charged me \$5. I returned to the hotel and spent the rest of the afternoon writing my journal. I bought some cereal and milk for breakfast for the next few days, ate some supper, and continued writing my journal. We bulled for a while, then I finally decided to read Evolution of the Vertebrates, by Edwin Colbert, but I fell asleep soon. I vaguely heard Warren and Cameron come in from the Hawaii. I woke up soon after they went to bed, talked to them a little then hit the sack again.

8 August, 1964: We all woke up late. Warren, Cam and Dayle went out to rent a car then went on out to Ala Moana shopping center for most of the morning. I wasted the entire morning sitting and doing nothing, oh except - I did read the first four chapters of Colbert's text. Soon after they returned Warren, Cam, and I drove out to Ely's to spend the afternoon. Cam was telling us all kinds of very exciting examples of commercialism in nature, which intrigued both Warren and me. We stopped at a luncheonette in a bowling alley and discussed conservation measures, especially here in Hawaii. Out at Ely's we all got some paper work done but not very diligently. Warren was preparing a report of his Kauai trip, Cam was making final packing

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arrangements for Sand Island, and Dr. Ely was typing letters. I was filling out forms for SI and recording expenses. We got involved in a political discussion. As the afternoon wore on Dr. Ely and I discussed birding and banding techniques back on the mainland. Privately Dr. Ely conferred with me about the contents of my journal. It seems some sections are more of personal interest rather than appropriate for publication and he was offering me the opportunity to delete what I wanted to before it was typed up and published. I tentatively decided to let it go as is, pending further consultation. Our conversation about my past experience and bird problems in general was exhilarating. We finally decided to go and we three cheerfully sang ewie kleine Nachtmisid on the way back. Cam and Warren went surfing soon after getting back, while I relaxed. Then Warren, Cam, Dayle and I went to the Viking Restaurant, an expensive but wonderful Norwegian or Swedish restaurant in another part of Honolulu. It was a gay evening as Warren, Cam, and I eagerly discussed our respective interests and discoveries in music. What a joy these two guys are. They are so incredibly fascinating, interesting, interested in so many things humanities, Shakespeare, music, philosophy, psychology, science. It has been a perfectly thrilling and warming experience to talk to them today - a breath of fresh air after two months of stifling. The menu was exciting, and the waitress was a most friendly helpful German. I enjoyed the meal thoroughly. I wish I had met these two guys earlier and with they both weren't leaving tomorrow: Cam for Sand Island for two months and Warren for a two month vacation. We returned and Cam went out for a date. Warren and I were humored by a drunk Huber, read his journal (which is a riot) and enjoyed a couple of hours

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of good music. Warren knows lots about music and in a very similar interest as I do. We had great fun identifying and enjoying the works on K.A.M., the only good music station in Honolulu. The program had Baroque material and Schubert une Winter reise. Around 0030 we finally hit the sack, but I couldn't sleep because I was thinking about Cam's and Warren's encouraging me to stay with the project to the end. This would mean postponing my last year at Marietta which would delay getting my degree by one year. However this might provide an opportunity to transfer to Michigan and complete my degree there. Besides I would earn nearly or over \$5000 which would set me on my feet financially. I was so excited by the prospect of the opportunity I didn't get to sleep for a couple of hours.

9 August, 1964: We all got up late this morning. Cam left early around 0530 and so I didn't get an opportunity to say so long to one of the greatest people I've ever met. I spent this Sunday morning doing a cross-word puzzle as well as listen to Schubert's 3rd and some difficult material by Charles Ives. Around noon we decided to go over to the zoo. So we spent the early afternoon going through and enjoying the animals especially the monkeys and birds. When we came back I wrote my journal and finished the crossword puzzle over Beethoven's 4. While Warren and Larry went surfing I went down by the pool to write. Warren and Larry returned and demonstrated exceptional diving ability in the hotel pool. We all freshened up a bit and had dinner at the Royal Lanai. The steaks were good. After returning, I dozed while the others relaxed. At 2130 Warren, Dayle, and I drove Warren

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to the airport and bid a great fellow a fond farewell. I'll miss both Cam and him since they were so interesting and enlightening. Coming back I found that Dayle was a rather poor diver. On the radio we heard the Kyrie of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis and then his Symphony No. 9 with Joan Sutherland and Kiril Ansermet. The first movement was good, the middle two average and the last rather poor. Finally at midnight I hit the sack.

10 August 1964: The hotel rang us at seven. Larry drove Dayle and me over to the University of Hawaii to meet Bob Long. We waited in Dean Hall for a while. Larry came up after impatiently waiting. Bob finally arrived, it was good to see him again, even without his beard. He was pee o'd that Larry hadn't collected any plants while we were on Maui. Bob agreed to call me later in the day to invite me over for a while so we could talk about the ATF. We left Dayle to do some work for Bob and Larry and I drove back to the hotel, stopping to drop off some film. We then went to the Police Station to get me a new set of fingerprints, then we went to Ala Moana, to mail some stuff, buy a hair dryer, and buy some food. On the way back to the hotel, Larry dropped me off at the doctor's. He gave me the AOK put a fresh bandage on, and told me he would take the stitches out Saturday and again I paid the five dollar bill and then was picked up by Larry. We went out to Dr. Ely's and I discussed with him the possibility and advisability of staying on with the Project. He couldn't advise me well because he doesn't know me well, but did give me some food for thought. We left around noon and relaxed most of the afternoon. Larry put up a few skins while I wrote up a first draft of the dark rump paper. Larry picked up Dayle at five, and I cooked my own

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supper of lamb chops and corn. It was really good and I was proud of myself. Just before supper I had a runaround with most of the children staying at the hotel; shades of paper boy days. Larry and Dayle were enjoying rum drinks. I enjoyed the Brahms program and finally hit the rack at midnight after revising the dark rump paper.

11 August 1964: Around 0145 I heard a knocking at the door, I got up and helped David Bratley in with all his gear and then hit the sack again. Larry was a riot in his stupor of inebriation; he was stretched out on the floor and would frequently produce a loud long drawn out morn or a torrent of oratory. At 0700 or so Larry drove Dayle over to the University to help Bob for the day. I got up around 0930 and broke my fast. We all went out to Gaspro, LTD to buy some dry ice for the birds. Dave drove us out to Ely's thereafter (he tends to hot rod). He discussed the latest news from Sand. We left and Dr. Ely made no mention of new developments for me to stay on other than a cryptic phrase that he had 23 people for 24 positions. Soon after returning to the hotel, Dave and I went to the Colonial House Cafeteria for lunch. We discussed my decision of staying on the project or not. We squandered the afternoon, Larry putting up a few more skins, I revising the dark rump paper, and Dave writing letters. The afternoon went by quickly. After picking up Dayle Larry put on his lava lava suit and skinned another bird. Dayle and Dave went out to eat and didn't come back: undoubtedly philandering. I put up a fairy tern using an excelsior body. It didn't come out especially well, but better than the last two. I read several things out of boredom, while listening to several Variations on the radio.

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I hit the sack at midnight just as Dave and Dayle came back.

12 August 1964: I got up late around 0930. Larry had already taken Dayle to the University. Then Dave and Larry left for a shopping trip just when I was getting up. I went down to the pool and wrote my journal and the dark-rumped petrel report. Dayle called around noon that he wanted to be picked up but the other two hadn't come back yet. They did an hour later and Larry went to pick him up. Dayle wanted to go out to Ely's to ask him about Cam's pair of binoculars. I decided to go along because I wanted to ask him about a reprint of Richardson's paper in Condor 56, and our arrangements for the Kauai trip. He didn't have a reprint and didn't want to give any final details of the Kauai trip. It depended on how many birds we got done. I was a little worried about this, because although Larry had done several (maybe a dozen) and I had only done 1 Fairy Tern. When we got back I started to skin right away. I took out a gray-backed Tern but a small shorebird fell out so I decided to do it. It looked like a Sanderling but was too dark. It was in pretty bad shape, 2 huge holes in the head which I sewed up. Two and 1/2 hours later I finished just as Dr. Ely came in. It came out well I thought in spite of an odd looking head, and some featherless spots on the breast. Dave and I then identified it as a Red Phalarope with which Dr. Ely concurred. Dave and Dr. Ely went out for dinner and soon Dayle and Larry cleaned up and hit the town. I decided to do another bird before I ate, so I got out an adult Sooty and worked steadily on it from 6:30 to 10:00. It came out real well and I was proud of it. I used a cotton body and all and was glad I could show Larry this method does work. I then

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changed and went out just as Larry and Dayle came back. I ate at the Waikiki Biltmore. When I got back I found Larry in a mosquito tent. We all hit the sack around 1130.

13 August 1964: I got up at 0815 and had breakfast. I was about to start a young Sooty Tern when Larry advised not to until the maid had cleaned up the room. We decided to go out and buy some dry ice and I wanted to buy a new scalpel. I couldn't find any at Ala Moana so gave up and we went and got 25 lbs of dry ice. We waited for the maid to finish when we got back and finally started skinning around noon. I was mostly finished with a young Sooty by 1345, went down and had lunch in the coffee shop, and finished the bird by 1530. I started a second but realized I couldn't finish it by 1800 so I did everything but stuff it until 1745. Then Larry and I dressed for dinner over at Bob Long's. Dave fortunately brought the car back at six and off we went. I got a curious letter, a critique sheet of my journal, from Fred which I'm still trying to understand. Bob lives over on Makiki Street in a new apartment building. Dennis somebody, a Botanist from the University who just got his Masters, joined us. The conversation was enjoyable and the lasagne was good. We saw a few slides of the ATF trip and finally left around 1130. Bob, Dennis, and his wife recommended that I get my degree first and not postpone it. When we got back (hearing the last movement of Schuman's 3rd) I reread Fred's letter and hit the sack.

14 August 1964: We got up late around 9:30. After breaking our fast I finished up the young Sooty Tern I skinned out last night. The feathers kept coming out I suppose because it had waited so long to be stuffed. He

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didn't come out too well because he lost so many feathers. I did another immature in about 3-1/2 hours and it came out pretty well. Thus around 1600 I went out to eat and had two dinners at the Princess _____ ? on the main drag of Waikiki. Walking back past the Market Place, Larry ran up and joined me. We went to the Aloha Airlines to get Fred's thank-you present for the Ely's. Then we went to the bank across the street where Larry closed out his account. When we got back to the hotel it was 1800 so we both started skinning a red-tailed Tropicbird. Larry finished his by 2030 and I only had to stuff it. We dressed and went to see Alfred Hitchcock's movie "Marnie" which was very good. We got back at midnight. Larry hit the sack but I stayed up until 0200 and finished the Tropicbird. It came out and I was proud of it. I then sponged bathed (since I can't get my wound wet) and finally hit the sack around 0230.

15 August 1964: I got up at 1030 and got moving. After eating I went down to Dr. Tragler and had my wound examined. It had become infected, so he cleaned it up, redressed it, and gave me some antibiotics. We discussed oral contraceptives and he supported them having prescribed them for 3 years. We discussed philosophy. When I got back I relaxed a bit as Larry put up another bird. Then we drove out to the Bernice Bishop Museum where I purchased three of their publications. We then browsed through some of their displays especially the Honeycreepers mounts. The seabird mounts were very yellow from old leakage (oil). I hope our skins don't become as awful. We drove back past Gaspro but found that it was closed so we couldn't get dry ice for the birds. I went to the Colonial House and had a dinner-lunch of chop suey.

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Soon after returning to the hotel I started skinning a young Noddy. The skin kept tearing, and after 4 hours I was practically tearing my hair out. I was nearly in a frenzy at the end and hurriedly finished the bird, I walked around the block to cool off, and had a rum and soda when I got back. I started another Noddy and was rapidly becoming impatient with that bird too. When I found I had tied my wings with one wing twisted I exploded and smashed the bird with my fist. It didn't hurt it fortunately so I corrected the problem and finished at long last. It was pretty decent. I hit the sack on edge.

16 August 1964: I heard Larry straightening things up and repacking the birds in the cooler with ice in the morning but was too tired to get up. I finally did at 1030 again. I spent the morning and early afternoon writing a letter, a reply to Fred's letter. At 2:30 I started skinning young Sooties. I finished my first in just over two hours. I was careful and patient, everything went well and it turned out to be a half decent skin. I had dinner then at the Colonial House after fruitlessly looking for a new place to eat on the main drag. A set of three French girls dressed in tight sweaters sat at the next table and it was interesting to hear them converse in French. When I returned I turned on the radio and recognized Mahler. So I sat and listened to and enjoyed his Das lied ban der Eder. Larry and I argued about the impression we were making on other people, he thought we were being laughed at by all, and I thought things were ok. By 1900 we started skinning again, and I finished another young Sooty in 1 hour 50 minutes. The next bird took 2 hours and about 30 minutes. Both came out

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well. For music I listened to some obscure works by Gabriel Fouré. I was real restless at midnight so I wrote this and finally hit the sack.

17 August 1964: Larry went out to Dr. Ely's to drop off some skins. I woke up pretty late ate and decided to write some letters. Larry came back and went swimming with Anne. Early in the afternoon I was going to turn the Corvair in to get another car because the clutch was practically gone. But I couldn't even get the transmission going because of the bad clutch. So I got Larry and we pushed the car down the main streets to the Car Rental place. We got a red Simca and we pushed the Corvair down to another parking lot. When we got back I decided to go out for something to eat. I relaxed a while when I got back. In the evening I skinned two young Sooty Terns which came out pretty well. I finally hit the sack around 0100.

18 August 1964: We got up relatively early (0930). We started skinning since we wanted to do around a dozen birds today. Starting at 1030 I finished my first one (a young Sooty) around 1:00. A young Noddy took me until 4:30. Oh in the morning I drove over to Ely's to pick up some dowels, whirl paks and large styrofoam freezer. After the Noddy I dressed to go out, just to get out of the hotel room. I started driving and suddenly saw two tickets under the windshield wiper. One was for parking out of my stall, and the other was for not having the registration in view. For the former I had my tail hanging over the white line, but recognized I was illegal because I was the second car in a one car stall. The other mystified me because I didn't know that the registration had to be out in the open. Besides, that was the Car Rental's responsibility not mine. I drove up to the University Library

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to see if they had Condor; they did but I couldn't get at them because it was too late. I drove back, finally parked the car in a good spot, then ate over at the Colonial House. When I got back I discussed the tickets with Larry and decided to put the registration on the visor. We then started around 1930. I put up a young Sooty in just over two hours. I then started an adult Sooty. Around 11:00 four nymphettes of the hotel who had been eyeing us suspiciously came over and wanted to watch what we were doing. Amid the squealing and nose holding we finally convinced them it was sensible work and there was no need to feel queasy. They finally left and I felt good about our public relations success. Larry finished his fairly soon and hit the sack before midnight. I finally finished mine at 1:30 and it came out real well except for the blood of the gunshot wound. From 10 to 12 we listened to Stravinsky, which is no way to convince Larry of the real value of serious music. Around 2:00 I finally hit the sack.

19 August 1964: Got up around 9:30 and got going. I gave Budget Car Rental a call to tell them about the ticket for the registration not in view. I used the name Warren Bicknell without thinking about it, because that was the name on the top of the car receipt. I told her I would pay the ticket and bring the receipt for reimbursement. Larry was real upset because I hadn't used the name Warren King. Then he pointed out that the address under Warren Bicknell was unknown that that name must be the name of the guy who had given us the car. It looked like I had really screwed up because we were illegal to have the car. As we drove out to the Traffic Bureau we "discussed" what we were going to do. While paying the fine I took out the car receipt

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again and suddenly realized that the address under Warren Bicknell was his Cleveland address. So Warren Bicknell was Warren King after all, I was right and all was ok. We found an electronics shop on Keeaunoku Street (819) who supposedly could fix Larry's radio antenna. They couldn't so we went to Ala Moana center and took it to the Hobby shop there. All they could do is give Larry a mailing address for parts. We went over to Sears and bought 200 feet of manilla rope for our Kauai trip. We drove back to the hotel then. I had breakfast at 11:30 while Larry swam. After the maid left I started skinning an adult Sooty Tern which took me most of the afternoon. It turned out real well. Larry had gone out to the Ely's with some birds, and brought back a dead Mynah. Around 6 or so we both went to eat dinner over at the Colonial House. Oh, I took a nap in the early afternoon, and Larry wasted the entire afternoon making a sling shot and tearing apart shot guns shells for the shot. Early in the afternoon he made ticket arrangements for Kauai and back to the mainland. All planes were booked until Monday so we could only take a flight to DC late Monday afternoon. Anyway, during dinner Larry taught me some French. After dinner we decided to play miniature golf. We played two rounds and I beat him both times. Back at the hotel I discovered my billfold was missing so I searched the room but couldn't find it. So I went back to the golf course and inquired with no luck. I remember I had it near the end of our game and I'm sure I wasn't pickpocketed. Well, that evening I skinned the mynah. It was in heavy molt but it turned out pretty well anyway. Larry put up 2 Sooty Terns. Then we hit the sack around midnight.

20 August 1964: We got up and started skinning. Here it is three days later and I can't remember much about the 20 of August. I know in the morning I

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I checked the miniature golf place for my wallet but no luck. During the day I skinned an adult Sooty which came out real well. Larry swam in the afternoon after doing one bird. For supper I found 2 cans of soup, so I mixed them together (Tomato and Scotch Broth) and had a huge bowl of soup. After dinner I skinned another adult Sooty which came out real well. While I was doing my third Sooty (an immature) I decided I was going to get drunk so I went down and bought a small bottle of Bacardi Rum. (Larry came in around now) and skinned 2 birds. A mixture of Schwepps lemon soda and the rum was awful tasting but I could see how one could learn to like it. By and by I became increasingly dizzy to the extent I couldn't keep my balance. I was almost finished with my Sooty but was having difficulty finishing it because of my high state. Oh I had enjoyed Mendelssohn's Hetridz Overature and Scotch Symphony, but was so dizzy and uncoordinated during the Italien Symphony, I didn't hear much of it. Fortunately Larry came in, and I asked him to finish my bird. I collapsed in a chair, laughing at everything, and drinking more rum. Walking was nearly impossible as I stumbled about. I remember most of the evening well, my mind was fairly clear, but oh was I dizzy. Even though I tried to be serious at times to examine my drunken self and what was happening to me, I couldn't. Anyway I finally hit the sack, and with Larry's help stayed there.

21 August 1964: I got up around 8:30 and still felt dizzy, although I was perfectly normal. My stomach felt lousy and often times I felt nauseous. I packed things up ready for our Kauai trip and the final departure home. Larry made one early trip out to Ely's to take a pile of his stuff out for

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storage. I drank some milk which made me feel good immediately after but questionable soon after. I had this perpetual rotten taste in my mouth. By the time Larry got back I had nearly finished organizing everything and packing it. I discovered I had several items missing (flashlight, gloves, etc) which I know I never took out of the room and don't know where they disappeared to. Mrs. Ely didn't have a Western Peterson and authorized us to go out and buy one. So we drove out to the Book Store at Ala Moana and brought a Western Petersons. It was then that Larry mentioned to me that in a telephone conversation with Dr. Ely this morning Mrs. Ely had learned that there was a position for me for the rest of the project if I wanted it. Now the decision is up to me whether I want to stay. When we got back to the hotel, I ran over to the miniature golf place to inquire once more about the billfold; no luck. I guess I'm out one billfold and around \$13. I ran back to the hotel and with Larry loaded all the rest of our stuff into the Simca, paid the hotel bill and drove out to the Ely's. We transferred everything to their car and then Mrs. Ely and David drove us out to the airport. Janice is a perfectly marvellous, mature, and responsible woman. What a wife! While Dr. Ely is in Washington (until the 5th) she is coordinator here in Hawaii and has to deal with the Navy, etc. A big job but I bet she can do it. We went to our mailbox at the airport and found no mail for either Larry or me, very disappointing. Janice dropped Larry and me off at Aloha Airlines and bid farewell until Monday. While Larry waited on the long line for reservation confirmation, I started a letter to Marly. Finally the plane left at 1315 and we were on our way to Kauai. I was in no mood to

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finish the letter so I put it away. The stewardess was a real cute blond. We landed at Lihue Airport in just about 1/2 an hour. After picking up two packbacks, we got a car from National Rent-A-Car. The attendant was overly helpful. In Lihue we stopped at a grocery store and bought three days' worth of food. I drove our Chevrolet Chevelle out on route 50 just to Menehune (?) Fishpond, by wrong turn, then out to Waimea. In a little town beyond Waimea (Kekaha I think) we inquired directions for Waimea Canyon. We found the road and I drove up the windy twisting road. We drove to the Lookout and tried to position ourselves with Warren King's map. We were confused and started looking for good burrow places from our vantage point. We decided to go down to a scenic trail which would give us a view of the other side of an interesting ridge. There were several good looking places so we decided to go back to the lookout and hiked down from there. At the lookout we changed into field clothes and donned our packs: Larry carrying the 200 foot rope, and I all miscellany. We hiked along the rim of the canyon a short ways south of the Lookout then headed down along the ridge. It was real steep with lots of loose dirt. The rocks were real rotten and crumbled in your hand. It was real treacherous and you had to watch your step, lest it crumble and you are pitched into the chasm. Good one. As Larry headed to a lower set of our croppings, I left my pack by a bunch of trees, and started searching the grass slopes for burrows. I worked along the base of a few small cliffs and found only one or two old tunnels. I saw a mouse in one. Larry called me down to his level and when I got there I found his rope tied around his pipe and the other end over the precipice. He called out his purposes down the 150 foot cliff as I watched the rope with the pipe on. I sat for around 1/2 an hour as Larry worked the base of that cliff

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He found nothing suspicious. I heard him call out once or twice but I could not hear what he was saying. By and by he came down from above me. Apparently he had worked all the way around the ridge, up and over. We hauled up the rope and headed back up the ridge. I went back and got my backpack and joined him at the top of the ridge. We went down to a lower level and sat on a pinnacle as dusk closed in. Soon after we settled a short-eared owl flipped over us. We heard one flicker like call down from us, and reasoned it was a Harcourt's Storm Petrel (King 1964). But very else was heard, only occasional squeals and calls which probably were Harcourt's but may have been some land bird. Off to the left, towards the lookout. We heard three odd calls which seemed to be moving and undoubtedly were Harcourts. They were sneezing barks or squeaks and often not too unlike dark-rumped petrels. We finally decided the hell with this noise and headed on up. No Newell's and no more than 1/2 dozen Harcourts at the most. We had serious questions of King's numbers. We collected plants as we scrambled up the ridge and hooted and called cheerfully as we worked our way back along the rim. We pressed the plants then drove up on route 55 looking for the restaurant for which there was a sign back at the lookout. We drove on and on and never found it as we came to Kalalaw Viewpoint at the end. We past a radar installation just before the end. On the way down I ate a cold supper (my first substantial meal of the day of beef stew and peas and carrots). We drove right on down to the ocean. I tried to sleep outside for a while but gave up as I was being eaten alive. I finally sacked out in the car, although outside was beautiful: full moon, black sand beach, pounding surf, and palm trees behind me.

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22 August 1964: We woke up around 0830 and drove back up the Waimea Canyon Road, and parked outside the Hokee Ranger Station and found that it was locked. We wondered when it opened, and since it was already 0900 and it was Saturday. Finally some people came down from one of the back cabins but they didn't know when the ranger showed up either. At their suggestion we went over to the Museum and restaurant but found them closed. We saw a maintenance truck pull up in front of the Ranger Station, so we went back and asked them how to get to Alakai Swamp. The fellow was very helpful and pointed the way out on a map. So, after filling our canteens, we drove just a very short ways beyond the ranger station to a dirt road leading off to the right and a sign indicating Mohihi was 6.4 miles down it. About half a mile above this cutoff on Route 55 there is another dirt road off to the right with a sign indicating Mohihi 6.2 miles. They joined about a mile in. We followed the signs (including one pointing to camp 10) until they were no more. The last was 4.7 miles to Mohiki. We drove probably 2 miles beyond the last sign and finally came to a bend in the road where the stream crossed it. It was shallow but we decided we better not try it, lest the stream swell with rain or we slip while we were in it. So we parked the car above it, and loaded our packbacks. While we were doing that I bird watched a bit a spotted a Lesser Amakihi, or Aonianiau among the Japanese White-eyes. Larry prepared his slingshot and off we went. We walked slowly along birding as we went. Larry often shot at birds that came within range but consistently missed. He finally got a Lesser Amakhii and later an immature House Finch. Further on we decided we better skin them, because they

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might spoil in the heat (which was not oppressive but which was delightfully cool). Larry did the Anianiau and I started on the House. We only had one pair of small scissors between us. So it was new to try and skin birds with a minimum of equipment. Larry finished the Amakihi in about half an hour. My bird was in pretty bad shape, one leg nearly ripped off by the shot and both wings shattered. After skinning it out we decided it wasn't worth the effort or time, so I threw it out. A couple of pig hunters went by, only one of which had a freshly killed pig. We continued our slow pace, stopping once for Larry to get a nest from a tall slender shrub. It apparently had a hole in the side, was a bulky thing of coarse grass with a fine grass lining. It had this tiny white eggs in. I suspect Elapaio but it may have been one of the Honeycreepers. We finally came to the end of the road, after about a 2.5 mile hike and started off down the trail to Mohihi Stream. Larry shot an Elepaio at the corner of the road and the trail after about three shots. This trail descended rapidly and finally came to a small cabin in the clearing between two streams, I presume forks of the Mohihi. The fishermen who had their jeep parked at the end of the road were nowhere in sight. We continued hiking up the trail to the right. It ascended until it reached the top of the ridge. Larry was shooting birds along the way but continued to miss. On either side of us was a deep valley and forested ridges, nothing that appeared like a lowland swamp. We hiked along and noticed the change in birdlife: white-eyes decreased considerably and Apapane increased. I had gotten the Apapane, Anakihi, Anianiau, Ahepa, Creeper down on the road and wanted to see an Iwi very badly. Finally one flew across the trail which I

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got a glimpse of, and later we saw one feeding closeby. Quite a spectacular bird. It was getting late around 3:30 and we decided to go just a short distance further. We went around a bend of the ridge and Larry decided to skin the Elepaio while I went on to see if I could see Ollhai swamp. I discovered a group of Creepers (Larry had seen the latter 2 of the above list) so I ran back and got Larry. He saw them and then succeeded in shooting another Lesser Amakihi. He took them back to where he was skinning the Elepaio. I went on ahead and I saw nothing but ridges and valleys all around. Nothing that looked like Alakai Swamp unless this entire area was called Alakai Swamp. I went back to where Larry was skinning and waited until he finished. As a mist (rain?) rolled in a beautiful rainbow popped up on the side of our ridge. Around 5:30 we finally headed back at a good pace and arrived back at the cabin in a shorter time (around 20 minutes) than I thought we would. Apparently we had not gone as far as I thought we had. I was quite ahead of Larry as apparently he had stopped at every place we had seen an Elapaio to see if he could shoot one. While I was waiting some fellows came down the trail from the road calling. Apparently they were looking for the rest of their party. Larry called me back aways and told me he heard some ducks on the stream. We went down to the stream but couldn't find them. They very likely were Hawaiian Ducks. After crossing the stream we collected three little frogs on the opposite bank. We hiked quickly back to the car as it started to rain again. It has been sprinkling on and off all day and the road has become a very slick clay. We decided we better get out of here as fast as possible before the roads became too

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slick. Larry driving, we slid about as we chugged back out. At one corner we skidded unmercifully and couldn't get around. We tried the edges with no luck. Finally with me pushing and covered with splattering mud, and the wheels spinning at 45 MPH we got around and up that hell hole. We slipped and slid all the way back but finally got out. We congratulated each other. I was filthy but we decided to go back to the Lookout and listened for the shearwaters and petrels. It was cold sitting there and a mist came rolling in. We gave up shortly and decided to go on down below and forget about our shearwater problem since it indeed looked hopeless. So I changed into some clean dry things, got some food, and sat in the Death Seat as Larry sped down the mountain. The full moon was beautiful. We drove to the same spot on the beach as last night around 9:30 PM. Larry took the sleeping bag and sacked out on the beach. I took out my (the second) anianiau and proceeded to skin it out using my headlamp and all essential tools. My neck was breaking but I kept at it and finished it around midnight. A cop drove up wanted to know what we were doing, so I gave him the song and dance about us being Smithsonian personnel and we were studying the birds of this area, etc. He was duly impressed and left. Even though I was tired I wrote my journal of the past 2 days before I completely forgot them. Finally around 1:30 I hit the sack.

I shall give a resume of the birds we saw, identifications, abundance, breeding, activity, etc., in case it is of some importance to another birder to Kauai. Let me start with the family Drepanididae.

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Apapane: An infrequent bird along the road. Perhaps we saw only a dozen there. However up on the ridge it was an abundant bird. Practically all birds were the red plumage and I saw only 1 bird which appeared to be an immature. Larry thinks he saw 2 immatures. This indicates that either the breeding season has long been over and the immatures have molted into the red plumage, or the breeding season is just starting. I suspect the former is more reasonable. The call of the Apapane is more variable than the others. Besides a sharp chirp, it sings short phrases and notes which resemble the cowbird a great deal, but once in a while very meadowlark like. I should note here that all the Honeycreepers tended to be quiet, giving only very nondescript chirps or weak whistles. And the calls of all 6 species we had were very close and very difficult to tell apart. The apapane was the only one which gave sure.

Lesser Amakihi: Certainly the most abundant Honeycreeper of our entire area. Well I don't know: the abundant Apapane on the ridges may contest it, but generally the Anianiaw was more frequently seen in most areas. It was readily distinguishable. Whether bright yellow all over or dull greenish, the lack of a black local mark was diagnostic. I suspect the bright yellow birds were adults and the dull greenish were immatures. That this may be true is substantiated by the collection of 2 immatures both dull greenish. The bill is practically straight and the whole bird reminds one of a yellow warbler (Dendroica petechia). The call is a sharp not especially loud, inflected whistle squeek. Once learned one can identify their presence without looking.

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Amakihi: Resembled the Anianiaw but was slightly larger and always a dull olive green as opposed to a yellow or yellowish green. The large beak gave it a bull headed appearance and the dark local stripe gave a dark check look. Tended to be less active than the Lesser Amakihi. Its call was a short weak cheep or squeak, very nondescript and hardly distinguishable. We only saw a few along the road and a couple on the ridge. Altogether perhaps 8 or 10 birds. We had no way of telling age and really didn't see enough of them to offer any constructive description.

Creeper: We only saw four of these supposedly common birds. I had one on the road and a group of three up on the ridge. The dingy, white below, dull blah upper parts and light beak were easy to tell. All four birds crept along dead limbs of dead trees nuthatch like and were noticable from this. I saw no indication of a preference for low story growth as indicated by other observers. Their call was a plain dull cheep or squeek which I thought was huskier than the other calls.

Akepa: We had only a few of these and undoubtedly overlooked them at the beginning. I'm sure I misidentified two at the beginning as Amakihi but realized my mistake when I observed one closely on the road. We didn't have any on the ridge. The black oral patch immediately separates it from the Anianiaw but not the Amakihi. Compared to the latter it is yellower on the breast and crown, which does remind one of the Anianiaw. In other words it looks like an Anianiaw with a black eye patch, or a yellow Amakihi. The finch like beak with a whitish or light blue lower mandible stand out. I don't recall

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hearing it, yes I do. It was a loud high pitch squeak or cheep which was very close to that of an Apapane. I couldn't tell the two apart by call unless the Apapane gave its variety. No age data were available.

Iiwi: We only saw two of these both on the trail on the ridge (one was on a slope going up). Both were in the full red plumage. They resembled Apapane closely but were more vermillion than scarlet. The large horny salmon colored beak was obvious. Whereas the Apapane was a very rapid moving bird while feeding (almost bouncing through the branches) the Iiwi was slower moving. It did appear larger, especially with the huge beak. It didn't call so I don't know what it sounds like.

Japanese White-eye: a disgustingly abundant bird, outnumbering everything else several fold. One soon learned to ignore its call which was a shiller or a soft chatter. Its great variety of squeals and whistles were often confusing with the Honeycreepers. It was much more active than the Honeycreepers and anything that moved very rapidly through bushes was a White-eye, anything that moved Warbler like was a Lesser Amakihi. It was very gregarious and often travelled in flocks, a couple of birds often would work the same branch together.

23 August 1964: Larry was in the car when I woke up around 0830 since it had rained last night. We slowly got organized (?) and decided to make another attempt at Alakai since we had missed it by a great distance yesterday. After buying some supplies at a little general store at the base of Route 55 we drove up to the Ranger Station. While filling our canteens we got new

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directions. We had gone too far on the road. On the crest of the hill above where we had parked is a sign indicating some forest reserve (Noa Poli-Kona?) and hunting seasons. We went to take the road to the left. We cautiously drove down the Mohihi road since it was pretty slick from last night's rain. We were only doing this because it was so crystal clear that we were sure the road would dry up in a few hours. We couldn't get up the grade beyond the first little bridge so we parked there and hiked up to the sign which was only about 1/2 mile. We followed the road to the left which followed the powerline on the crest of the ridge. After about 1/2 mile the road ended and we took the trail continuation. The trail was mostly a wet muddy puddled mess and we finally gave up trying to keep dry. We came out to a flat area which was open around us. We continued on the trail which stopped down, across a stream (across which I waded) and up the other side. The trail continued to be mostly mud holes. It climbed up a ridge through some neat forests. Larry tried to collect another Elepaio but failed. The trail finally came up to a broad topped ridge which was really a real soggy grassland with low thick wet bushes. This one common low growing shrub had ohia like blossoms, but had a very rounded leaf. The trail became quite obscure but was really just a series of potholes and mudholes through this soggy plain. This must be Alakai swamp but was on top of a ridge rather than a lowland swamp. The potholes were often obscure with some short tundris like grass and I felt up to my hips in one such trap. The entire place was very tundris like, especially when it became very misty. There were frequent slashes through the thick brush, the entire trail under water or wet mud,

and the only way through was to work along the edge or jump from root to root. We went a couple of miles of this still following the telephone poles. We were expected to come upon a cabin as described by King and were really amazed people would come through this God forsaken place. There were practically no birds around and soon we were just hiking to find out where the telephone wires led. We found out. We came to an abrupt precipice where the telephone line and poles just plunged over down into the valley below. And way below was a dirt road. Well, we had no intention of going down that jungled slope and decided our journey was at an end. It was cold and damp and I was lucky I had brought my sweatshirt. After eating lunch we headed back collecting plants for Bob Bongas we went. At one place over the trundra a Short-eared Owl flew over. Several Apapane were about, but that's about all the birds there were. If this were Alakai Swamp, it's a lousy place to go for anything, but plants. We worked our way back, and going down to the stream Larry finally shot an Elapaio. We headed swiftly back as we were really bored. Larry finally threw his homemade slingshot away. When we got back to the car we were both thoroughly filthy and grimy from sloshing through that swamp. Driving out, we passed several people walking up in bathing suits. We inquired where the swimming was and then turned around and went back down to go to the dam. But when we had gotten down a short ways it started raining fairly hard so we decided to get out before we got caught again. Once out on Route 55 I drove down to the base in much more a conservative manner than Larry. We stopped by the canal where we had seen the Chinese Thrush

two days ago. While Larry pressed our plants, I skinned out the Elepaio. He finished way ahead of me of course and saw I agreed to try and finish in the car as he drove to the Kilanec Lighthouse. While we were sitting in road working we heard a loud song which was very much like an oriole, and which I had heard about a dozen in the high county. Larry got a good look at it and identified it as a Chinese Thrush. Immediately after that two Shama Thrushes sat in the hush beside the car. What luck! I struggled with the Elepaio in the shaking car as Larry sped along Route 50 and frequently turned off at a variety of ponds looking for Hawaiian Ducks. He found the Menehune Fishpond by a backroad, the place we went the first day. I finally finished my Elepaio when we passed through Kapaa, after Lihue. We turned off to the right in the middle of Kilauea and miraculously were on the road to Kilauea Lighthouse. As we drove towards the Lighthouse past the keepers house we saw a Short-eared Owl sitting on a low palm frond. And as we were driving out to the lighthouse we suddenly saw a Wedgetail sitting beside the road. We got out and discovered a large colony of Red-footed Boobies nesting in the bushes to the right only a few feet away. And behind the guard wall under those bushes were more Wedge-tails. What a place. Larry decided to band Wedgetails with the string of No. 4's he had. So we started catching Wedgetails. I only had a right handed glove so only caught them but didn't try to band them. We worked along the grass slope around the Lighthouse. It was steep and dropped quickly off down to the sea several hundred feet below. It was riddled with

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burrows, most of which had real cute light grey chick in them. So most of our banding was on chicks. Larry worked down the face of the cliff looking for Bulwer's but found no indication they were there. I went back to the car, ate supper, and got my pliers going with a few gobs of spit. Now we both could band and finished off the string of 95 in an hour or two. We were really exhilarated by our sudden success with seabirds. It was fin to get back banding again. We left ahppy and sped back to the fish pond where we decided we were going to sack out. Stopping only for a ice cream, we hit the sack at 11:30, me inside and Larry out in the sleeping bag. The mosquitoes were pretty bad. Apparently it sprinkled again and Larry got wet and crawled under the car caterpiggie style.

August 24--Hawaii

I got up at 1:30 and got Larry up. I figured we could spend about two hours hunting for Hawaiian duck about an hour to clean up the car and an hour wait for the plane. We got organized and ate some stuff then drove down the hill to get to the road that goes out on the dike in the the middle of the pond. Chinese thrushes were common along the road which became private. So Larry found three more ponds on the map and so we headed towards them. We got a flat on a road which was one of many wrong turns. We finally got out towards the three ponds which were in the middle of a beautiful grassland which was ranched. A Western Meadowlark flew up while we looked at a coot in one pond. The road we were on was lined with a single row of these beautiful tall spine conifers. The area was essentially under the base of Queen

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Victorian profile. We couldn't find any Koloa (Hawaiian duck) so we drove back to Lihoe and back towards the airport. There was the large muddy man made lake in the middle of the cane field so we decided to make a last ditch effort here. Driving around the bank on a dirt construction road. Suddenly out of the grass on the other side there Kolou flew out. Then two more, and then four more swam out, a total of nine! What luck! As we drove on around a molting (?) Golden Plover flew by and then a Ruddy Turnstone. We congratulated each other on our luck. We parked in a distant corner of the parking lot of the airport and spent the next hour cleaning it out. We were still covered with mud from Alahai Swamp and were just filthy. We put on "clean" clothes which covered up some of the filth. We turned in the car and our overly helpful attendant tried to wait on us hand and foot. We waited for about an hour before our plane left. A religious group was giving a big send off of two good looking young people. I ate a jar of peanut butter for my breakfast. Our Aloha Plane finally took off and I had the good fortune of having a beautiful Hawaiian (slim, beautiful face and figure, neatly dressed, and college aged) sit next to me. We discussed our trip and the religions of Hawaii and enjoyed the conversation. She couldn't get over how brave we were to enter the mountains without knowing where we were going. We landed in Honolulu and were met by Dayle Husted. After picking up some dry ice we drove back to the Hotel and showered in Dayle's room. We dressed up (for us) and repacked our stuff. Then drove back out to the airport. We passed customs easily but found we were 100 pounds overweight. He only charged us for 20 and off we went. We left Honolulu at 4:30 p.m. HST and arrived

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at Los Angeles at 9:10 p.m. HST or 12:10 a.m. PDT. I ate a huge expensive hamburger at a coffee and sanck bar and was amused at an incredibly ugly foreigner with a huge beattle haircut and outlandish suit. We left Los Angeles around 1:10 PDT and arrived at Chicago at 6:20 CDT. After waitting for an hour and debating whether I should call Helen or no we finally left on TWA No. 500 and prop plane. We got a breakfast from the rude stewardesses and had a boring flight. We landed at Friendship Airport in Washington, D. C. at 11:15 EDT. We took a taxi to the Vivian Hotel and got a room in this flea-bitten Hotel. We then walked to S. I. and melted from the appressive humidity. We were gradually greeted by one and all.

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Synopsis of ATF June 1964

Here I shall present my impressions of ATF trip June-July 1964, criticisms and recommendations thereof.

FOOD: Although the others frequently complained about the food on board, I have no complaints whatsoever. It was far better than I expected, the meals often large and including several courses. It is unfortunate such items as milk and eggs cannot be stored for longer periods of time, but it was not difficult to adjust to compensatory items. The meals were balanced and there was always enough to feed me. Fresh fruit from the mess deck was frequent and a welcome snack. Adjustment to relatively strict meal hours was expected and was not difficult to adjust thereto.

Food on the islands was basically C-ration meals, plus any extras such as canned fruit, fresh fruit, fresh bread, peanut butter and preserves, that could easily be brought in. Needless to say the nutritious value of such meals was low, concentrating heavily on carbohydrates. There were no regular meals, but rather we ate when and what time allowed. Often this was little and sporadic. At first I didn't mind eating C-rations at all but towards the end I longed for a substantial, well-balanced meal, and the sight and taste of C-rations was repulsive. I ate them only out of necessity. One time that was noticeable lacking in the C-rations was vegetables; potatoes, lima beans, and baked beans were the closest they came.

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I do feel that some improvement could be made with respect to food on the islands. Time should be allowed for adequate preparation of a substantial meal. Meats and vegetables almost certainly could be brought in from the ship in a cooler and kept for a day or two. Canned vegetables certainly could. An improved diet I'm sure would greatly improve our strength and efficiency. I purchased a bottle of multiple vitamin pills in Pago Pago to supplement what little I ate with a certain amount of nutrition. Although offered to the others, they were invariably refused. I'm convinced that this ATF trip is not enough unlike other camping expedition I've been on (fish SCP) that better food arrangements couldn't be made. In fact that we also have a freezer on ship nearby and in easy reach (always accessible is an advantage rarely available on most camping trips. As a conservative, I was aghast when left over unopened C-rations were thrown away after each island, but I recognize that they are of little value and not really worth saving.

CLOTHING: I was advised to bring a few changes of cheap casual wear for dress on ship, that tennis shoes were not allowed (approved of) in the wardroom, and that all other clothing, especially for the field would be provided. Consequently I brought three pairs of cheap wash'n wear trousers, three cheap short sleeve shirts, one pair of cheap buck loafers, and a dozen scivies. I had been advised that scivies would be not provided. Upon arrival at Washington I was sent out with Peter Marshall and Paul Woodward to purchase our field clothing. Since Paul and I were novices, and Peter was the only one who had been with the Project before, Peter was the only one who had any even if vague what to purchase (what was necessary) for the ensuing months. This was

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distressing to say the least, for selection of essential gear by such incompetents could easily lead to disaster during the field trip.

Fortunately there was nothing too seriously forgotten in our purchases, and we survived the two-month expedition without too much unnecessary discomfort. I would strongly recommend that in future planning clothing sizes for the personnel should be obtained among the many forms that had to be filled out after acceptance of position, and that orders of the necessary clothing could be placed with the frequented shops prior to said personnel arrival at Washington. Let experienced people (leaders, etc.) make the decision of what gear is essential and which is not, not inexperienced incompetents.

Two caps with adequate brims are recommended. Khaki "fatigue" caps were excellent, for they withstood a great deal of wear. The six long-sleeve work shirts (Khaki) and six pairs of Khaki trousers were adequate. The same number and style of previous purchases are recommended. A pocket on each side of the shirt is helpful and preferred. The foot long front pockets of the trousers were advantageous. Twelve pairs of woolen socks were adequate, but I wonder if cotton socks might be more comfortable. There was no real discomfort due to heat or anything else by the woolens and indeed they showed little wear. It is possible cotton socks would wear too fast under such arduous conditions. Three pairs of tennis shoes is recommended; although the tennis shoes of some of the tohers were totally dilapidated at the end of the trip. My two pair (I never used my third) were in fairly good condition by the end. Shoe laces go quickly in the salt water and all extra sets (2 perhaps) of long shoelaces for high tennis shoes is recommended. I definitely

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preferred high cut tennis shoes over low cuts. The Air Force thin leather, five-fingered, long sleeve gloves purchased for everyone last trip were excellent and prevented any serious injury from bird bites and scratches. One pair survived the entire trip but were useless at the end; so two pairs are recommended. The vest is an optional item. I used it with gratitude when banding Red-footed Boobies on Palmyra but never broke it out thereafter. Its numerous pockets are convenient for carrying the array of items (pliers, bands, band openers, notebook, spray paint, etc.) when banding Boobies, I'm sure it would have been useful banding Blue-faced Boobies on these latter islands, but I did get along without it. It may be hot running after Boobies.

CAMP GEAR: The gear used for camping I would say on the whole was excellent. The ammo boxes were convenient and of adequate size. Furthermore they and the drums provided excellent seats under the tent fly. The three man tents we used were excellent. Although they were hot in midday and sleeping therein during the day was uncomfortable, they were roomy and kept the rain out. Also they were sturdy and easy to erect. The tent fly is of course a very necessary item. It was of adequate size and a small bundle to carry. Setting it up took a while and a few people, it would be nearly impossible for one person to set it up. The oblique or "W" guy lines made entry under the tent fly uncomfortable, always requiring a stooped over while underneath and I often thought it would be more comfortable if it were raised just above our heads. The only disadvantage of this would be that there would be less shade under the tent fly during the early morning and late afternoon. But shade isn't nearly as important during those hours. The two-piece slide

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poles that we used frequently collapsed, resulting in a wild tent fly which flapped in one's face. They rarely collapsed around the tents; but the wind on tent fly was their downfall. They just don't work in wind. I don't know what alternatives are available on the market today. The cots are certainly the only practical sleeping gear. Not only did they keep one off the ground, but they were cool with use of the double bed sheet. They were light weight and easy to assemble, that is the aluminum fold outs. The ones with the wooden slide together and head rest were difficult to put together; although they were more comfortable than the other type. The time wasted setting them up was not compensatory. I never did learn how to work the sterno (stove) correctly, and rather than attempt to wrestle with the damn thing trying to get it going, I often was content with cold C-rations. For our purposes however, it was adequate for cooking more complex meals as I suggested above.